

An edge of the solitude

I woke up. After a long sleep.

All around me was a darkness. Silence.

I was alone.

I entertained for a while thinking about myself.

Who am I? What is my origin (if I have one)?

In the beginning I only knew that I woke up after a long sleep.

Wherever I moved there was only more emptiness, seemingly infinite void without end and meaning.

Nothing.

Then I remembered.

I realized my hidden power! My potential!

I grew taking no Time at all and bursted around creating... Time and Space.

Just... Inhaled and exhaled!

I entangled, unfolded, subdivided, flashed and expanded!

Put your hair in the black hole jets and you will get an impression of my might.

I became everything you see in an entire Cosmos!

I am manifested as an energy. Spirit. Transcended.

Search for me on the outskirts of the spacetime. If you can.

Or search for me in yourself.

Look inside you with your eyes closed.

If there is no end - anything can be a starting point.

Singularity... Growing in energy and density!

Then stretching in all directions.

Maybe I will reach the border one day.

The limit unknown.

Listen the sounds of the Universe.

That is the whisper of creation I left behind.

My silhouette.

The face is far away inside the trenches, among abandoned and forgotten.

Looking toward the horizon, exploring, hoping.

Is there anything on the other side?

Is there... An edge of the solitude?

(26/04/2023)